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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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CAN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY BE MADE PROGRESSIVE ?

[**Shri G. R. Malkani,** Head of the Indian Institute of Philosophy at Amalner, discusses here a question of perennial pertinence. There is no gainsaying that the inspiration of the ancient Hindu sages did penetrate the mysteries of *Pragnā Pāramitā* (perfect wisdom). Or that the safest guides to human happiness and enlightenment are still the writings which have descended to us from the remotest antiquity. But different interpretations have been placed upon the fundamental truths that these enshrine. It could even, we are assured, be demonstrated that there is not a proposition of modern Western philosophy but has its ancient Oriental prototype. The quest for Truth may be by many roads, but the nearer the approach to it, the more those roads converge. Whatever leads away from the one Truth cannot be progress.—ED.]

Progress is the watchword of modern times. There is little doubt that, historically speaking, every science is progressive ; and European Philosophy, which goes hand in hand with the changing scientific and social outlook naturally partakes of this progressive movement. The charge against Indian Philosophy by outsiders and by some indigenous workers in the field is that it is not progressive. We are simply hugging to our bosom a few ancient truths, precious though they may be, and doing nothing to enlarge our philosophical arena or even to keep pace with the times. We have the six and odd ancient systems, and all our thinking is confined to studying them and interpreting them according to our lights. We are adding nothing. There are no new systems of thought emerging with the passage of time. Our tradition has become a dead weight which has submerged our philosophical thinking. It has not become a point of departure for newer and fresher ideas, as is the case with European thinkers. In other words, Indian Philosophy is not a living thing, and there are no first-rate Indian philosophers to

whom we can point and say, "Here are the torch-bearers of modern India, in whom Indian Philosophy has found a new expression and who can take their place in the front rank of leaders of philosophical thinking the world over." Our best minds merely imitate and interpret. They do not create. They imitate the European method of free-thinking; and they interpret their ancient cultural heritage. In neither case does their work amount to the work of genius or to a new and original contribution to the philosophical thought of the world.

It is a moot point whether all that seems progress to us is really so. Every age considers itself wiser than the last, for the simple reason that it is later in time and that it has superseded the past which is no longer alive. Often this attitude is superficial, being based upon our ignorance of the past and our inability to enter its real living movement which constituted its concrete reality. We have recreated the past in terms of a static ideology; and small wonder it is that we are not pleased with our creation. The mere sense of movement and of life which we can have only in the present invests the latter with a certain amount of reality and of joy, and so with greater value. It is difficult, with the best of intentions, to re-visualise the past as the past really was. And yet the past might have been, in its wholeness and in its ideals of life, in no way inferior to a later age which prides itself on its greater enlightenment.

There are other people, conservative-minded, who reverse their evaluation. They find every good in the past, and none in the times in which they live. They see the evil of their age too plainly and nothing to compare with it in the past. They would like, if they could, to reverse the whole movement of history. These pessimists too may be misguided. In any case, history cannot be reversed. If there is any good in the past, we should be able to retranslate it into the context of the present. If we cannot, it is an insult to our intelligence and to our capacity for adaptation, if not also to our sincerity of purpose and our vision of truth.

We do not find ourselves in either of the above camps. We are neither optimists nor pessimists. We should like to gather gems from the past, if they are real gems, and give them life in the living present. There is no set of circumstances which we cannot turn to our advantage, if we keep a sufficiently detached and dispassionate mind. The influx of Western culture and Western philosophy is deplored by some. It is rarely deplored by those who have had intimate contact with it. In any case, we must accept this new influx of ideas from the West for what it is. The question is, should we seek to reconcile ancient Hindoo thought with European thought, or at least find some *modus vivendi* between them, or go our own way as though European thought never

existed? I believe that the latter course is difficult in the circumstances of our age, when the best intellects are naturally drawn towards and trained in Western forms of thought in every department of human activity.

But there is no inherent objection to relying on our own tradition entirely and making it live in our own times. Some of the purest and most instructive thinking in Indian Philosophy is done by those who are untouched by Western Philosophical thinking and even regard it with unrepressed hostility. There is also little doubt that most of the attempts to find a *modus vivendi* between the two traditions, and to assimilate them to each other, have operated to the detriment of the true spirit of Indian thought. This spirit has little in common with the ideals and the methods of European Philosophy.

The ideal behind Indian Philosophy is the knowledge of That knowing which all else is known. It is knowledge that will cut at the root of all evil and all suffering. The Truth which we should seek in Philosophy is timeless and eternal, and our knowledge of it absolutely certain. There is no room for "may be," but only for "is." The certainty of truth is part of its very nature. There can be no higher truth than that. Has Indian Philosophy found this truth and shown a way to it? If it has, all further philosophical progress is barred. There is no scope for it. We may give an exposition of it in any language, adopting the conventions and the spiritual genius of that language,—but that will not be reorientation or re-interpretation. It will simply be speaking to everyone in the language he can understand. After all, this truth cannot be racial or communal. It is for all humanity. We must therefore communicate it in the language in which different sections of humanity can imbibe it and make it their own. In this sense alone can we say that Indian Philosophy can be rewritten. Has it not a message for all mankind and must it not enter the cultural tempo of the lives of all? But this is not philosophical progress. It is progress in the forms of its communication or expression, or, more generally, progress in its presentation, not in its content.

In conformity with the above ideal of Truth, Indian Philosophy has a set method which cannot be varied. If you want timeless Truth, then there is no *pramāṇa* or means of knowledge which will reveal it to you, except *śruti* or the revealed word. Can we set aside this method, with all its intellectual and spiritual aids and accessories, and substitute another for it? He will be a bold man who will even attempt such a substitution. No one has ever seriously challenged the view that there can be no other *pramāṇa* than that of *śruti* or the *upaniṣads*, if what we want to know is the ultimate philosophical truth, which *śruti* declares to be the identity of

jīva and Brahman (*tad tvam asi*). But if that is so, can we imitate the ideas of progress of Western thought, and set up mushroom systems which may be very novel and interesting for a time, but which are soon outmoded, and which have no permanent or lasting value?

European thought is free. But this very freedom has created a chaos. The hold of tradition is weak. In fact, there is no tradition worth the name. The disciple agrees but also disagrees with the master. There is no sacred writing which can command universal assent, and to which all philosophical thought may be hitched on. Everyone is in a way his own master. The reason for this chaos is that the ideal of truth is not that of eternal truth; for this is believed to be unattainable. The ideal of truth is system-building, which is a matter of theory only. We have all kinds of conceptual structures, which are purely subjective or speculative in character. This ideal of truth is in line with the scientific ideal, which is that of hypothesis and verification. The pity is that while a scientific hypothesis can be verified and can at least claim provisional truth, a philosophical hypothesis cannot be verified. The result is that there is no universal agreement about philosophical truth, and the only votaries a given formulation has are a few men temperamentally sympathetic with its chief architect and protagonist. The ideal is put so far away that it becomes unattainable; and the method is speculation, which is another word for imagination. Thus the creations of imagination appear to us as progress of thought, for do they not clothe themselves in the current phraseology of science and the new-fangled ideas of scientist-philosophers, whose chief qualifications are scientific rather than philosophical?

Shall Indian Philosophy imitate European Philosophy? If it does, and progresses with the times, it will lose its old and tried anchorages and moorings, be at the mercy of the winds of imagination and run adrift without ideal and aim. We go after progress, and we merely lose what we had, and gain nothing in exchange except intellectual conceit and a false sense of self-importance.

G. R. MALKANI

"SPIRIT-MEETING" IN JAPANESE MILITARY ARTS

[**Mr. Ernest John Harrison,** himself the holder of the third degree (*sandan*) of the Japanese art of jūjutsu, is the author of several works on Japanese martial arts. The powers claimed for the practitioners of *bujutsu* are none other than the *siddhis* which the Indian *Hatha Yogi* seeks at risk of sanity and health. The methods also seem not very different. The Indian Sages warn against the danger of the lower *siddhis* and the quest for psychic powers. True spiritual powers there are, but they unfold unsought as the natural flowering of purity and knowledge. The powers which Mr. Harrison describes here are not such !—ED.]

My attention has been called to a belief said to be widely spread among American and Australian soldiers fighting in the Pacific war zone that the Japanese are endowed with abnormal powers almost akin to the occult, which enable them in an uncanny manner to elude observation and to infiltrate through the Allied lines, as also to perform various other feats beyond the comprehension of the average Westerner. Needless to add, our own commentators have hastened to dispel this belief and to reduce all such hostile phenomena to a, so to speak, prosaic least common denominator.

My own purpose in rushing into print at this juncture is not specifically to join issue with these sceptics in their common-sense conclusions which, for that matter, may in this particular instance be quite well founded, but rather to affirm my personal conviction, formed during some twenty years' residence and first-hand inquiry in Japan, that certain classes of Japanese fighting men *do* possess distinctive mental and physical attributes beyond the purview of Occidental experience.

The subject of Japanese esoterics generally is notoriously comprehensive and intrinsically fascinating. In the words of that brilliant Japanologue, the late Basil Hall Chamberlain, its study would shed a flood of light "upon some of the most curious nooks and crannies of the human mind." It is, however, outside the scope of the present article. I intend to confine my remarks to that branch of Japanese esoterics which belongs to what may generically be styled *bujutsu*, literally "military arts," although the Japanese terminology has a far wider range than the English equivalent. And in this context I have every right to claim that I was the first non-Japanese who, several decades ago, discovered and revealed to the Western world the alleged source to which the Japanese martial "adept" traces his ability to cope single-handed with assailants, whether

armed or not, greatly outnumbering him. That source is believed to be situated in the region of the lower abdomen, designated in Japanese the "*tanden.*" More precisely it lies about two inches below the navel. An alternative and more colloquial synonym for this source is "*shita-hara*" (lower belly). Native teachers of the several military arts contend that the mysterious powers adumbrated above can be cultivated by consistent and long-sustained deep-breathing exercises carried out in strict conformity with prescribed rules. Concurrently with the development of the *tanden* region the abdomen becomes prominent—not necessarily fat but solid and muscular. The possession of a swelling chest, beloved of Western athletes, is deemed to be of secondary importance.

The part played by the brain in inspiring physical activity is not ignored, but just as concentration of will, according to Sandow's theory, is indispensable to the successful development of the surface muscles, which are thus enabled to discharge increasingly difficult tasks at the command of the brain, so does this same concentration, when intelligently and persistently directed, operate upon the *tan*, the strengthening of which is supposed to increase one's capacity for the performance of deeds of valour. By virtue of the developed *tan*, which has obeyed the impulse conveyed by a strong mind, an opponent inferior in this respect, although physically bigger and stronger, must give way—so the supporters of the theory contend. Thus, during the Russo-Japanese war, a prominent exponent of *bujutsu* once assured the writer that the Russians, notwithstanding their greater weight and equally effective weapons, were invariably compelled to retreat before their smaller and lighter adversaries, and that, moreover, not alone in long-range actions, but in hand-to-hand encounters. In the opinion of this authority, the superior resolution of the Japanese was due to *tan*, which is highly developed among the *samurai* (now known as "*shizoku*") officers. My Japanese acquaintance also insisted that the courage needed for the performance of *harakiri* could be found only among those that had strengthened the *tan* to the necessary degree.

Yet the importance of mental control is never really lost sight of. When, on the other hand, precedence is given only to physical strength, the ultimate result is bound to be highly disadvantageous, inasmuch as the physical strength of an old man must as a rule be inferior to that of a young one who is equally assiduous in the pursuit of *bujutsu;* whereas the veteran *bujin* (military man) skilled, say, in the esotericism of *jūjutsu* or jūdō can always in the end vanquish his more juvenile antagonist, even though in exoteric wrestling he might be thrown again and again.

Whilst there are sundry minor modifications observable in the technique of development of the

shita-hara or *tanden*, as taught by different *ryūgi* or schools of *jūdō* and fencing, yet fundamentally the *bujutsu* formula is impressively uniform. Thus the neophyte is advised before meals, when the stomach is empty, preferably in the morning, to squat facing the rising sun, in a well-ventilated room; stretch out his hands and place them on both sides of the lower abdomen with the thumbs at the back, head and body held erect. He should then draw in the air through the nostrils little by little until his abdomen is full. In so doing he should endeavour to swell the latter, assisting the operation with his hands. "Remain," says the teacher, "in this condition until you can no longer bear it. Then exhale slowly from the nostrils, thus expelling all the air you can. Repeat the process for about five minutes at a time, gradually extending the length of time to twenty minutes, as you get used to it. After a while you will perceive your abdomen swell, followed by a development of the legs and trunk, finally culminating in the invigoration of your whole frame. Two months' exercise will probably convince you."

Closely associated with cultivation of the *tanden* is mastery of the *kiai* (pronounced "kee-eye" and signifying literally "spirit-meeting") a strange kind of shout supposed to emanate from the abdominal region. It is asserted that in olden times the *kiai*, as practised by an expert, exercised a mesmeric influence over the master's inferior adversary and rendered him an easy prey to the master's attack. It may, of course, be assumed that it was not the shout itself, but the force dictating it, that was really responsible for the phenomenon. On the other hand, it is a well-known scientific fact that a tone pitch which sets up certain vibrations in the surrounding atmosphere can accomplish remarkable results. In nearly all the *ryūgi* or schools of *jūdō* in modern Japan the *kiai* forms an integral element of the various systems of *kwappo* or esoteric art of resuscitation whereby a victim of strangulation, drowning or other misadventure can, it is claimed, be restored to consciousness and even to life after his heart has ceased to beat.

In the training of both the *samurai* and the priests of the famous Zen sect of Buddhism, it has from the earliest times been taught that the mouth should be closed and the air inhaled through the nostrils so as to impart strength to the lower abdomen, otherwise the *tanden*. Maintenance of this posture refreshes the mind and imbues the subject with a dignified air, which is also an important factor in the art of *kiai*.

I cannot, of course, personally vouch for the truth of every detail of the claims briefly reviewed above, but I have at all events heard them put forward by Japanese experts of whose veracity and probity I was then and am now perfectly satisfied. Moreover, in other respects I have had ocular demonstration of phenomena which are inexplicable on the

basis of generally accepted physiological, anatomical and psychological laws, and that demonstration undoubtedly predisposes me to lend credence to many surprising stories from the record of the past, even though the *a posteriori* process may not be exhaustive.

We are told, for instance, that in the "brave days of old" in Japan, use of the *kiai* enabled an expert swordsman to render himself invisible to his antogonist whose gaze would be helplessly fascinated by the point of the expert's sword, which in turn might be multiplied to seem like half a dozen points, all equally real to the prospective victim who, quite irrespective of his inferiority in the art of fencing, would not be able to anticipate the direction of attack, since he could not distinguish the true point from the false ones. Or the expert could arrest the movement of his adversary's weapon in the very act of striking, preferably when his would-be assailant had raised his sword above his head with both hands—the native sword (*katana*) being double-handed—with the object of delivering a downward stroke at the expert's head or shoulder. Paralyzed into immobility at such a juncture, the victim would be left with his entire body exposed to the expert's attack, and would thus be placed entirely at the latter's mercy. Most astounding feat of all, perhaps, in the expert's repertoire was the sudden conversion of his enemy's blood-thirsty rage into fatuous good humour, in which gratifying mood he would go on his way rejoicing and perhaps laughing heartily at one of the expert's valedictory jests.

In my day in Japan, one of the foremost "residuary legatees" of these *okugi* or secret principles which enter into nearly all Japanese arts and crafts, was Noboyuki Kunishigè, a splendid veteran well over sixty years of age, an instructor of the Shinden Isshinryu school of *jūjutsu*. In his fifty-mat *dōjō* or exercise-hall, I have often seen him drag with comparative ease at least half a dozen lusty youths round the hall. In a series of experiments staged for my special benefit, Kunishigè proved to me that although in those days no weakling I could make absolutely no impression upon him or disturb his balance or immobility in the slightest degree even when tugging hard at his ears with all my strength.

Still more inexplicable, perhaps, measured by the commonly accepted standards of Western medical science and practice, was his system of administering first aid. It was a matter of common knowledge among the doctors of the district in which Kunishigè lived that he had time and again restored to consciousness men and women given up for dead by the regular practitioners, and that too, to all outward semblance simply by means of the *kiai* shout, but which, as contended by Kunishigè himself, was the vehicle of a still more deeply seated force called *aiki*, supposed to emanate from the *tanden*. In one particularly striking

case he restored a coolie who had fallen from a great height and almost broken his spine. One shout from Kunishigè infused into him some of the life of the operator and enabled him to rise to his feet, after which the doctors had a chance to confirm the cure by recourse to more concrete remedies. Kunishigè could also almost instantaneously stop nose bleeding of the most persistent and violent type by means of the *kiai* and a hypnotic pass. A young student protégé of mine named Miyachi himself a very skilful exponent of *jūdō*, was once cured of this trouble by Kunishigè. Describing his experience Miyachi told me that when Kunishigè concentrated his gaze upon him his expression was simply terrifying, and that when the *kiai* was uttered he felt as if a thin stream of cold water had started to run upwards from the tip of his nose to his forehead, after which the flow of blood disappeared. Faith in the efficacy of Kunishigè's system had nothing to do with the cure, seeing that Miyachi had previously been frankly sceptical of the esoteric claims of these teachers of the old school.

E. J. HARRISON

COMMUNAL CRICKET

It is not at all playing cricket to allow the canker of communalism to enter any sphere of our activity, far less the sphere of sport, and thereby to warp its vitality and value as a cementing influence. For, what is of the essence of the thing is not the colour or creed of the player, but the quality thereof. Therefore, all those who aspire after and work for the unity of India would heartily disapprove of an event like the annual Pentangular Cricket Tournament in Bombay. For, it definitely impedes the efforts that are being made at bringing the different communities into the consciousness and ken of their inherent oneness. As Shri S. K. Patil, General Secretary of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee says rightly in the course of a press statement, "Communalism is an effective antidote to nationalism without which there can be no freedom" just as, we may add, nationalism is an antidote to Internationalism. It is always good to remember, and re-orientate oneself to, the man behind the mask—whatever the mask may be, of caste or of country.

HAD DICKENS A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE?

[Ephemerality is the usual price of topical appeal. The caricaturist with pen or brush may effect reforms but the survival value of his work as art is generally slight. That Dickens, though a caricaturist of rare power with not a few reforms to his credit, still retains his charm, is due to the essential humanity of his types, however grotesque, as **Mr. B. J. Wadia,** the Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, brings out so well here in discussing Dickens's philosophy of life.—Ed.]

Dickens had a philosophy of life, but it never crystallized into a definite system. He never departed, however, from his duty, as he conceived it, of teaching a moral lesson. He had a high sense of the importance of his work from this point of view, but it did not preoccupy him, as it did George Eliot, nor did it weigh heavily upon his mind. To understand his philosophy we must consider the times in which he lived. Born in 1812, Dickens was about twenty-five when Queen Victoria came to the throne. In the days of his boyhood he saw rioting workmen who smashed machinery and were answered by the argument of force, so dear to the upholders of "law and order." He saw women crushed in spirit, helpless, and often clad in "unwomanly rags." He saw toiling, suffering children whose lives were spent in the black depths of coal mines or midst the roar of hot, oily machines. This was the England he knew, and as he grew up into manhood he felt none too happy at heart. But God had blessed him with the spirit of boundless mirth. He could make people laugh; and when once the crowd had laughed with him, it would not object to crying a little too at times. A man who could make his reader's sides ache, and could also make the flesh creep, had certainly a purpose in what he wrote. Laughter and tears were his only weapons to fight for humanity and justice, in a time which was several degrees harsher and more cruel than our own. Thackeray pictured England on its brighter side, the world of wealth and rank and fashion. Dickens pictured the vast obscurity of the underworld, though the figures he chose were, in spite of his exaggerations, true to type. There were social changes in England during his later life and after his death. But many representatives of the originals still exist, perhaps with new names, perhaps also mixed up with the masses now drilled into a certain uniformity of behaviour and action.

Dickens viewed the problems of the poor in the mirror of his times. He knew that "Socialism" was coming, but he did not know the name. Poetry has found inspiration in the simple annals of the poor, but

it could not appeal to the heart and the conscience of the common folk as the stories taken from life could. In his own family Dickens was not much loved, but outside his circle he was and remained the robust lover of the common man. He found all men interesting, all lovable and all laughable. We could laugh at them and with them. Therefore they are all equal. All being equal, it is absurd for one man or one nation to scorn another. Hatred is like the hot breath from Cain's mouth. There is only one cure, a whiff of laughter, not the "whiff of grapeshot," on which Napoleon sought to build his power, but humour and pathos combined.

The laughter which Dickens could evoke is a gift of his own spirit. It gave him an appreciation of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity that far surpassed their appreciation by the leaders of the Revolution. All being equal, class, still the blight of the English social system, was only a barrier which it was easy to overleap. Here and there he gives us a figure approaching the modern type of an English gentleman. The rest are the ordinary, common men and women of everyday life; we can wander away at times with a little girl and her grandfather, and come presently upon a kindly schoolmaster living in a green secluded village; or, tired of rough winds blowing from the Yarmouth Sea, can take shelter with Bob Cratchit and his family, and share their Christmas dinner.

Dickens has shown no trace of bitterness towards any man; the only bitterness we find in his pages is that which man himself feels against what is often called Fate. He believed in being at home with all men. He painted the fondness for the bottle in low London in indelible colours, but he led no crusade against the mixture of spirits with water. The mixture might occasionally earn red noses, but if it could do the trick of making people feel at home with the world, "another little drink" would do no one any harm.

All men being laughable, all are equal, was the first item in his philosophy. All men being equal, all are lovable, was the second. The buoyant heart makes man an optimist and, to use his own words, "hearts may count in heaven as high as heads." It is not the philosophy of "Live, love and laugh your little day, for tomorrow thou art not." It is philosophy of—Love all, and live and laugh with all, all the days of the year. They may be all common men and women, but God loves them, as Lincoln said, for He made so many of them. Avoid bitterness, and have malice for none. There is nothing in the world better than the faithful service of the heart. One question may still remain. If the heart of the people is full of love, and laughter is the equalising factor, why do things still go wrong? The economist would say, because your distribution is wrong. The politician would say, because you have not thought straight. Dickens hated both economists and politicians. His

answer would be, because you have not loved enough, or been generous enough to one another.

It is a philosophy of life which cannot satisfy completely, nor can it satisfy everybody. It does not solve the riddle of life—which philosophy has? But Nature made Dickens a sort of mouthpiece, so to say, of the human race. By his types and his individuals he urged the supremacy of simple emotion and homely thought. He urged the softening of the rigour of the law, he pleaded for simpler living and more humane methods of education, and he stood up for the old ideals of honour, purity, justice and sympathy.

His moral teaching is simple. A few plain ordinances serve for human guidance. Any infringement of them merits punishment, and the scoundrel must get his deserts; but to follow the just and straight path merits the highest reward in prosperity as well as in buoyancy of heart. With the heart in the right place and a head not overloaded, life is worth living and enjoying. This world is to Dickens still the best of all impossible worlds, and his last word is to ask every one to feel in the largeness of the heart that, taking human nature as it is, "to know all is to forgive all."

B. J. WADIA

ALCOHOL AND THE MACHINE

We live in an age when speed counts far more than anything else. Hence the increasing use of the mechanical modes of transport like the automobile and the aeroplane. Our reliance on the machine has become almost superstitious. And yet the man behind the machine is indispensable. It is, therefore, in the fitness of things that while he is at the wheel he should be in a proper condition, both of body and mind. In other words, as Major Thomas Macleod says in his pamphlet *Speed and the Man*,—which is a strong plea, supported with authoritative evidence, against the use of alcohol by those who drive the machine—he ought to have "unimpaired vision, quick reaction, judgment, concentration, the power of estimating risk, the power of performing skilled movements and application of previous training." All these are affected adversely, says the writer, when the driver or the workman has taken even a small dose of drink, with the regrettable result that chances of accidents on the roads and in the machine-room are considerably increased. For instance, in England "an increased consumption of alcohol amounting to 16¾ per cent. was paralleled one year by 17 per cent. increase in road accidents." The Major, therefore, appeals quite rightly to the Government for an absolute elimination of "the alcohol menace in relation to aviation, road transport and mechanised industry,"—at least when these are in action.

RESIGNATION

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** is a student of psychology with practical educational experience; her approach to any problem is that of common-sense. The injunction in *The Voice of the Silence* to "be of good cheer and rest content with fate" is a sound rule for mental health. There are few surer ways to psychic unbalance than brooding over real or fancied grievances. To have cheerful confidence and hope is quite another thing from giving way to the fool's blind optimism.—ED.]

Resigned unto the Heavenly Will
His wife keeps on the business still.

This seemingly cynical finish to an otherwise suitable epitaph has much to recommend it as a philosophy of life. At first glance we might presume that the widow had sighed with relief, but, on the other hand, she might merely be full of that peculiarly feminine common-sense that shrugs a shoulder when a happy episode is ended and makes the best and the most of what is left. That is the kind of resignation that is worth cultivating. Not the miserable, snivelling type that has brought disrepute on a really desirable attribute, but a positive, firm attitude towards misfortune.

Since God is truly a trifle out of fashion in the Western world, (however much the Government may insist on days of National Prayer) the more stable virtues have gone out too, and resignation is one of them. Once upon a time we were told, rather sensibly, that it was a waste of good energy to kick against the pricks, and that we might as well suffer the inevitable with a good grace. Mind you, it was only the inevitable that we had to put up with; we had every encouragement to improve ourselves and our lots whenever possible, but to everyone comes something to be endured and then it was that resignation came in.

Now it is worth while to cultivate this particular quality, for it comes in extremely handy in the larger as well as the smaller crises of life. There is no reason to suppose that any are exempt from all the troubles of humanity. Why should they be? We may not have major physical disasters to face, no earthquakes, typhoons or even droughts, but we may remember that others have them, and that, sooner or later, we are bound to have something extremely unpleasant happening to us. This may not seem a cheerful thought but it is a hardening one and it does need to be kept at the back of one's mind. Strangely enough such a thought is sustaining when the unhappy event occurs. You may then note that your time has come, your unhappy week, month or year, and that you had better face it with as much courage and ingenuity as possible. As the old nurse says, to

the perpetual grumbler, "Save your breath to cool your porridge," and save your energy to spend it on finding some way of making the inevitable endurable.

It is in the smaller, but most irritating, rubs of daily life that the quality of calm resignation is most valuable, perhaps. No one, surely, can be so fortunate, or so sheltered, that he does not come in contact with stupid, tiresome and even evilly disposed persons. No one can spend even a week without some minor disappointment, some mischance, some accident, some error of judgment. Are these little rubs taken at their face value or are they magnified into exhausting quarrels or boring tragedies? There is no time to fuss over every drop of spilt milk, even when it's rationed; the wear and tear on the nerves and temper are too expensive. Just be sure that annoying things *will* occur and refuse to be annoyed; practise tranquillity and resignation until you make a habit of it. Force yourself to put the smaller change of life in its proper place, and to see things in proportion. How rare is the woman who can bear to let her sister borrow her clothes (and drop gravy down them) and yet most of the rest would mourn for months if the sister died!

Again there is far too much fume and fret in the atmosphere of the average factory, workshop and office. People are terrified of seeming too meek, too good-natured. They are sure that if they don't stand up for their "rights" they will become downtrodden and overworked. Therefore the moment they are asked to give a little extra help they become suspicious and resentful. Occasionally awkward and tiresome jobs come along; here again is an opportunity for a fuss and a wastage of energy. If, in contrast to the nervous bullying attitude, we could have a little cheerful resignation, a "Well, it can't be helped, let's get it over" attitude everything would work more smoothly. Again, those who have found the secret of resignation are the last people to be exploited, for they are so rare and so valued that their services are always rewarded. It may seem, for a time, that the cheerful giver goes on giving, but sooner or later he is rewarded. In any case they have so much more stored energy, due to their calmer attitude, that if it is necessary to assert themselves constructively, they are best able to do so.

It may be that we should take more trouble in cultivating this quality of resignation (or perhaps it is rather more a mixture of Christianity and Stoicism) in children. Far too many children find that if they make enough fuss about anything they are rewarded with extra attention. This is seen from the very earliest age when they first fall down and cut their knees. Mother is so anxious for them not to cry that she scares them into crying louder than ever. A kind, helpful but disinterested attitude is best, showing the child that you are doing what is necessary to cure him. Say, for instance, "You

have given your knee a bang! I'll show you how we make it better and put a good, comfortable bandage on!" You may also add, "Cry as loudly as you like, I don't mind. Some people find it makes them feel better, but personally I think it's rather tiring." This last statement, or rather the permission to yell, generally astonishes the child so much that he stops after a few moments. After this you may discuss the general merits of crying, screaming, kicking the furniture and so on. Naturally no child is going to learn not to make a fuss about misfortunes if he sees his parents shouting and grumbling in their turn. The adults in the house must cultivate a genuinely calm temper, and if they are annoyed they must admit it and admit too that it is silly of them.

Children must be allowed to experience the results of their own actions. We must try to avoid getting in the way of these natural consequences. (Needless to say this does not mean that we shall allow our children to burn to death when they set the house on fire by playing with matches!) If you make any kind of a promise (or a threat) be sure you stand by the consequences. If the child behaves abominably on an outing and you say you won't take him again until he is older, just don't take him. Again, if he breaks a toy, don't be over-sympathetic; just say, yes, it is sad, but that sort of thing does happen and tell him about something similar that happened to you; then suggest an alternative occupation. The whole idea is for them to experience, gradually and in bearable quantity, the tiresome little aspects of life, and for you to help them face them stoutly.

A good deal of modern literature, cheap and not so cheap, seems to glorify a dismal emotionalism. Lovers gloom about for years, parents are frustrated, sons become suicidal over somewhat trivial disappointments. It is the thing to be over-sensitive, to brood for years over real or imaginary wrongs, to cherish unrequited love, to find the whole of life poisoned by some bereavement. This type of emotionalism is very catching, especially for adolescents, and those who don't catch it from books and magazines are infected by the films they see. Many people behave, when bereaved or disappointed in love, not in the least as they would if they had never read about the similar experiences of heroes and heroines. In fact much of their melancholy is purely "literary grief" and could be blown away by a little ruthless self-examination. If, instead of encouraging this supersensitive attitude we brought children and adolescents up to resign themselves to misfortunes and to expect these misfortunes to pass like the clouds they are, happiness would be greatly increased. Resignation is worth while, but it must be resignation of a positive kind, one that keeps an almost worldly eye out for the consolations that accompany even the worst of misfortunes.

ELIZABETH CROSS

BEAUTY, THE BEAST AND THE PRINCE

[The late John Galsworthy in a memorable essay ascribed all ugliness, all cruelty, all wars to there not being enough lovers of beauty among men. **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar's** thesis of the regenerating power of beauty in the following chapter from his forthcoming book *On Beauty*, which Messrs. Padma Publications, Ltd., Bombay, are shortly bringing out, would seem to lend support to the great English novelist's verdict.—ED.]

The story of Beauty and the Beast is well known. Beauty is a fair maiden—a charming little princess, if you will—who accidentally encounters the Beast. The latter is an ugly creature. It is not necessary to describe the Beast ; it is immaterial whether the Beast is a bear or a tiger, or but metaphorically a beast. Beauty involuntarily shudders at the sight of the Beast, but she cannot tear away her eyes from the hideous but nevertheless pathetic creature. Beauty and the Beast are drawn towards one another, the Beast adores Beauty, Beauty pities the Beast, and so they are together, and they are very glad to be together. The Beast is emboldened at last, and asks Beauty to marry him. Beauty marry the Beast ? Yes, why not ? Beauty hesitates—her eyes war with her heart, her reason sways her in one way while the pity in her soul disarms her and blinds her,—and anon Beauty makes up her mind. She would marry the Beast—even the Beast !—she would see his visage, as Desdemona saw Othello's, in his mind, in his suffering and tortured soul. The Beast is happy, and Beauty too is happy ; and at the altar, the Beast is of a sudden transformed into a Prince, so radiant, so handsome, so wise ! Beauty has verily—as if by magic, by the grace of her soul's pity—transformed the Beast into the Prince. Ugliness has become beauty, the deformed is transformed ; the Beast has become the Prince—and Beauty has achieved the miracle !

Similar stories are current in India also. For instance, we are told of a princess who accidentally blinds a Rishi, all but buried under an ant-hill. Blood streams out of the ant-hill, the Princess raises an alarm, the King's servants discover the blinded and bleeding Rishi who wails because his *tapasya* has been interrupted ; the Princess's heart wells with remorse, and she readily agrees to marry the decrepit old man to expiate her crime. She is a dutiful wife, tending him with loving care, thinking of him in terms of beauty and goodness. She sights one day the physicians of the Gods, and they wonder that a woman so young and so beautiful should yet be wedded to a man so hoary and so repulsive. But she only asks them to restore her husband to his youth and his beauty. The power of her *tapasya*—her one-pointed career of

remorse—persuades the physicians to grant her wish, and lo! the sightless is restored his sight and youth and vigour and beauty return to the wasted frame of the wise old Rishi!

Are these stories mere old wives' tales? Rather, life is rich with examples that go to prove the chastening, transforming and divinizing power of true beauty. A character in one of Dostoevsky's novels—I refer, of course, to Dmitri in *The Brothers Karamazov*—remarks that "beauty" is a battle-ground where God and the Devil fight for mastery ...but God is not mocked, He wins the last round. One of the most lightningly beautiful moments in Shakespearian tragedy is the sudden self-exceeding on the part of Emilia. In Cinthio's original story, she is but common clay; she retains this character in Shakespeare also. If anything, she is a little more common in Shakespeare's play than in the Italian story. And yet Shakespeare, with true insight, understands the dynamics of beauty and enacts before our very eyes its transforming power. In the last Act of *Othello*, we see Emilia—the same Emilia, the creature of common clay that we had seen in the previous Acts, and yet a very different, a translated and transfigured Emilia—towering above the rest and radiant with transcendent glory. What has happened, then? Nothing but this: the singular, angelic beauty of Desdemona's character has slowly, nevertheless surely and finally, changed the base metal of Emilia's "of the earth earthly" make, into the pure gold of deathless devotion to her murdered mistress!

Other examples of the transforming power of beauty might be cited from life or literature. Dmitri Karamazov himself once lures the young Katerina Ivanovna to his room—but at the last moment he spares her. The insurrection within his heart is at an end, the Devil is worsted, at least for a time! In another of Dostoevsky's novels, *Crime and Punishment*, Svidrigailov lures Dounia to his room, with the determination to possess her. Her strength of character and his strength of will are pitted against one another; the beauty of her stern determination to kill rather than yield is matched by the wild gleam in his eyes, by his determination to be killed rather than weakly abandon his attempt; at last—after an unendurable series of determined moves and counter-moves—Dounia throws away the revolver and Svidrigailov hands her the key. They are both of them saved, saved by the terrific impact of Beauty on one another. Again, in Shakespeare's *Pericles*, Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene and sower of wild oats, encounters Marina in a brothel and changes his purpose within five seconds. The beauty of her soul, even more than her ravishing features, gives a strange power to her speech, and the Devil is discomfited, the Prince comes out of his hiding, and the reckless gallant becomes the devoted lover and husband. These

examples cannot be dismissed as mere stories, for life too furnishes many similar examples of the transforming power of beauty.

But if true beauty, beauty undefiled, again and again releases the Prince from his bondage, this daily miracle can happen only if there *is*—as there generally is—a Prince however veiled by the features of the Beast, however chained by the sleep of the Unconscious. Desdemona transforms Emilia, but she has apparently very little influence on Iago. A seeming "reptile" like Dmitri has nevertheless a soul, but Papa Karamazov is just a beast, and charming, "honest" Iago is almost wholly the serpent. On the other hand, it is no less true that false beauty, beauty poisoned at the source, but releases the Beast, and the hero and the prince are lost in the assassin and the rake, the reptile and the beast. True beauty, great beauty, inspires devotion, inspires the devotee to *give* and not to *ask*, to seek with the heart and to cherish in one's soul and not to seek with the eyes and hold in one's clasp. The great giver receives greatly as well; heart responds to heart, and the lover and his beloved produce Beauty's symphony in the theatre of the soul.

It is a terrible thing to say, but it is true, that the Beast and the Prince are ever, as it were, together; fighting, it would seem, an unending battle. The assault of Beauty—in its true and false manifestations—is just a signal for a fresh spasm of struggle, ending in either the triumph or the defeat of the Prince. Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the Beast and the Prince are also one and the same person; now one asserts himself, now another, now false beauty releases the Beast from its lair, now true beauty redeems the Prince and worsts the Beast. In Coleridge's famous unfinished poem, *Christabel,* Geraldine, the beautiful serpent, bewitches and brings under her control the beautiful maid, Christabel. Here are two beautiful creatures, beautiful in figure and motion, yet how different in their nature! Coleridge employs the very accents of witchery to describe how Geraldine embraces Christabel, how Evil and Good, knowledge and innocence, the serpent and the dove come together in an unholy death-grapple. The cosmic conflict between the Asura and the Divine, between Evil and Good, is thus vivified in *Christabel* in words that seem more than words and are akin rather to intimations—sparks and fumes—from another world. Christabel is human, she is the beautiful and the good in us all; Geraldine too is human, she is the Old Adam and the Old Eve in us all, she is the serpent's victim and the serpent's plenipotentiary; and alas! Christabel and Geraldine are locked in a fatal embrace, meeting, and parting, and meeting once again. But even like Christabel, we cannot give up the hope that one day we shall indeed shake off the snake once and for all, the Beauty shall be free and

the Prince free, and they shall know no discord, but shall achieve rather the marriage of true minds and the union of kindred hearts and souls.

The cultivation of Beauty, then, is a reverential attitude of mind, a life-long *tapasya*. The world is charged with beauty and goodness, though many a beautiful thing wears the mask of ugliness and ferocity. One must learn to exceed one's narrow conceptions of beauty, and cultivate the art of peering through the mask, and touching the genuine within. In the memorable words of St. Paul :—

All flesh is not the same flesh : but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial : but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory.

But the glory of God is a ceaseless thing, and must reveal itself to us in divers hues in man and bird and beast, in streams and rocks and flowers. Beauty the maiden could somehow see the Prince behind the shaggy proportions of the Beast. Since she saw it, she could release it from its base prison-house. Michael Angelo could see the angel where others had seen only a massive rock of marble ; he saw the angel, he set to work in terms of love and devotion, and in due course a life-like angel celebrated its emergence from its cage of marble. If we seek beauty, we shall find beauty ; and if we strive with our whole soul, we shall for ever overthrow the Beast and celebrate the triumphant birth of the Prince.

As we began with stories, we may likewise end with stories. There is the story of an ardent young man who fell in love with a beautiful young lady. But he knew that he was far from handsome—that he was almost a beast !—and he therefore wore a beautiful mask. It was now easy for him to woo his lady and win her. They lived happily, but the young man was all but living on a top of a volcano ; " what would become my fate if my wife should discover how ugly I am ! And yet I cannot stand this deceit much longer. If only I were indeed as handsome as is my mask, as handsome as I imagine myself to be in my dreams "! He thought and prayed, and doubted and prayed, and hoped and prayed again. One day he suddenly decided to end the lie in his life and threw off the mask. He fully expected his wife to recoil from his presence and desert him. But no ! he had already become what he had striven to be, what he had fervently prayed to be—he was in very truth as beautiful as his mask had ever been. He had become the image he had worshipped : *yadbhāvam, tadbhavati !*

The late Swami Vivekananda also used to tell a similar story. There were two birds sitting on the branches of a tree. One of them,

busy eating fruits, hardly looked at the other, sitting on the topmost branch and bathed in the sun's golden rays. A seed suddenly stuck in the throat of the former, and in a twitch of pain it looked up and saw and envied the golden bird, its serenity, its joy, its glory. With its whole soul it aspired to be that other golden bird and—as if by magic—the illusion vanished and the bird knew that the beautiful and brilliant bird was none but itself, its own real and actual self. The bird too had found the Kingdom of Happiness and the Kingdom of Beauty *within* itself; and *all* was that kingdom, and ugliness and pain were nought!

Armed with the faith that these wise parables give us, let us seek Beauty within and without us, and we are sure to find it; let us knock, and the gates will be flung open, and we shall encounter the Prince!

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE WORLD AND ME

One day the world like a monster black
Threatened to swallow me,
I fled and turned again to look,
It laughed with mockery!

I said 'tis no use running,
What chances have I got,
The world is Oh! so big and strong
And I am just a tiny dot.

But still I thought before I yield
And fall into its snares,
I had better hurry up,
And say my little prayers.

So I shut my eyes so tight
Till I sang His praises sweet
And when I opened them at last
The world lay at my feet!

KAMALA BALSEKAR

PUBLIC MORALITY AND MODERN SCIENCE

[It is a most important question which is raised here by **Shri C. R. K. Murti**, who is himself a research biochemist working at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore. Character must catch up with intellect for what is left of Western civilisation to survive. But does it become modern man, who has devised worse horrors than all history or the mute records of pre-history can show, to speak of a *relapse* into barbarism ?—ED.]

Should Science consider the effects of its discoveries on public morals, and especially on international relations ? Should not Science concern itself with the inferences and results which accrue to humanity from the materials which it acquires ? Such questions arise when one begins to think of Modern Science in its relation with public morality.

The triumphs of Science are clear to all men. Its practical applications in engineering, industry and medicine affect more and more the lives of modern nations. Its misuse in machines of destruction threatens the world with a catastrophe. Pure Science is continually extending and improving our model of nature, from the microcosm of the atom to the macrocosm of the Universe. The impact of Science upon common life has become so casual and so normal as to make us forget the possibility of our being unwittingly exposed to its danger zone also. So the need is keenly felt by all to study the history of Science in its relations with philosophy and religion, not only to describe present conditions and to survey the future outlook, but also to understand the deeper meaning of Science itself and its connection with other subjects of human thought and activity.

Science is the system of behaviour by which man acquires mastery of his environment. His evolution from an animal into man was accompanied by a new attitude towards Nature. Possessed by a restless spirit of enquiry, born, no doubt, out of his instinctive needs, man began to study the contents of his environment in order to use them to his best advantage. The consequent invention of tools must be regarded as a significant achievement of our species and an epoch-making landmark in our progress. Science has grown but its application to man has been checked by its apparent conflict with traditional values and by the barriers of prejudice and uneasy fears inherent in man himself. It is essential to keep this view of Science as the background for surveying our contemporary world.

Today the leaping flames of war have enveloped the entire length and breadth of our world, dragging into the arena of battle even the common man, woman and child. On account of our still-defective biological make-up we have temporarily relapsed into the barbarity of

prehistoric times. We are in a trying period of the intense heart-searching to discover the values and standards of life's ulterior motives. It is very unpleasant to agree with Mrs. Neville Rolfe of the British Social Hygiene Council when she concludes that " we are a world of emotional children with adult minds—babies playing balls with bombs." That, however, seems to be the truth. Never before has the necessity been so keenly felt as at present for devising measures to relate the social sciences to ethical values.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when Modern Science in a real sense was born, it was hailed by all as the dawn of a new civilisation. This hopeful thought was warranted then by the newly realised creative energy of man which was finding expression in the shape of laudable achievements of Science was a sporadic nature and no attempts whatsoever were made to consciously plan its growth. The applications of Science were being welcomed and absorbed by all in their daily lives without anyone's trying to question their absolute worth or value. This attitude was thoroughly characteristic of that period which was essentially one of world-expansion propelled on by the blind forces generated by the Industrial Revolution.

Today we have lost much of the pride in our vaunted achievements and with that pride we are losing our confidence in Science also. The present century marked brilliant achievements in the natural and physical sciences. Radio, television and improved means of transport have enormously reduced the size of our earth. Bacteriology, Immunity and Chemotherapy are combating the diseases that were once thought to be unconquerable. The very mention of wonder-drugs like Salvarsan or the recent Penicellin is sufficient to conjure up in our minds visions of a world rid of all the ills that could afflict humanity. Contrastingly, on the other hand, we have poison-gas, long-range bombers, bacterial warfare, pilotless planes and arrays of other instruments of destruction which the ingenuity of man has perfected with equal dexterity.

No wonder the tendency is gathering strength nowadays to look upon Science and its civilisation as a veritable curse upon humanity. For some, of course, civilisation with all that it entails has become such an obsessive menace as to drive them to the spiritual security of comforting religious beliefs. Some scientists themselves are a willing prey to this spiritual defeatism. It was an eminent scientist who not very long ago said that we had created a genie and were sadly and helplessly awaiting our turn of annihilation at the hands of our very creation. Men of established religions all over the world are busy at completing this spiritual sabotage.

This may appear as a temporary defeat for Science. Let us only recall to our minds, to dispel the above illusions, the unconquerable

spirit of Science which prompted men to undergo extreme suffering and even to face death—may be in the Panama region, to discover the hidden causes of a dreaded and deadly disease or in the far-off Arctic region, to explore the conditions and the origin of primitive life, all for the benefit of man. The spirit of Science, verily like the spirit of freedom, in the fundamental sense, is virtually indestructible. Hence attempts to arrest its growth are contrary to biological movement.

Till very recently it was the common attitude of scientists to keep aloof from the current of life outside their academic circles. Like the pure artists they too had built their Ivory Tower far isolated from the stirring movements of life which they were unconsciously influencing and shaping to a very great extent. Specialisation in particular branches of a field of study gradually forced them to adopt a narrow and exclusive view of life. The broader world-perspective and the penetrating foresight which characterised early scientists could no longer be met with amongst these specialists. Writes C. G. Crowther in his *Social Relations of Science* :—

> The postponement of synthesis has become a habit with the Scientists of our day. Accidents are now needed to make them think.

The present century has been one full of such accidents, beginning with the World War I, closely followed by the Economic Crisis, on the heels of which succeeded the conflict of rival imperialisms for aggressive domination over the weaker nations and the growth into power of such menaces of progress as Fascism, Nazism and Militarism. Security, individual as well as collective, has been menacingly threatened by eruptions of brute force strengthened by the perfected scientific discoveries. The instinctive need for consolation felt by one and all nourishes the growing success of professional astrologers and palmists even in " advanced " countries like the U. S. A. Do we not see frantic attempts of interested persons to invent a Science of Astrology and a Science of Palmistry ? Man's destiny is depicted as guided and controlled by distant stars and invisible cosmic forces. The earthly causes of his suffering, the ills and maladjustment in human society are cleverly camouflaged. Man is forced to the convicition that he is the helpless victim of Nature's invincible forces. He is prevented from discovering the causes of his suffering and striving to set them right.

Scientists have watched with admiration the brilliant achievements of Science in Soviet Russia, where active co-ordination between men of Science and men in power with a consciously held objective in front of them could transform a backward country into a modern industrial State with an ever-rising standard of living. On the other hand, they have watched also the thwarting of the scientific spirit and its prostitution to ignoble and destructive ends

in Fascist countries. We know how in Nazi Germany a distorted interpretation of Eugenics has been used as a political weapon. By systematic psychological conditioning, the emotional drive of youth has been harnessed to the false values of national aggrandizement. During the last economic crisis wheat was destroyed in Canada and cotton in the U. S. A. to tide over the "overproduction." This crime, however, was perpetrated when millions were dying of stravation and millions were naked all over the world. To whomsoever may belong the responsibility of all the suffering that has been the lot of humanity in recent times, men of Science have begun to realise that their discoveries have contributed much to make the suffering all the more poignant and irremediable.

This self-analysis of Science has awakened the Scientists to a sense of their social responsibilities. The world has become so complex as to render impossible the disinterested and detached pursuit of Science—except in very rare instances—just for the pleasure of it. Such pursuit of course has benefited humanity immeasurably, as in the case of Madame Curie's discovery of Radium. In our modern world of commercial competition, however, not every scientist can afford to be altruistic in his motives, for the simple reason that he has to live. Thus he has to sell his discoveries in the name of patents to those interested in using them. Thus also fresh portions of the globe are geologically surveyed and exploited, not for the benefit of humanity as a whole but to increase the riches of a handful. Improvements in technique and fresh labour-saving devices are made, not to help the common worker but to increase the profit dividends of the investors. Patents have helped to widen the gulf between the nations out for aggression and have indirectly stunted the growth of Science itself. One cannot miss the traces of unrest and discontent in the minds of scientists contemplating these social immoralities. This discontent as yet is only brewing and has not taken any effective shape.

Freedom of thought and freedom of communication between scientific workers of all countries are essential to the progress of humanity. Any political system which challenges these principles threatens the very life of Science. Hitherto there has been no organised co-operation or co-ordination between the scientists of the world. The recent occurrences in the political arena have, however, shaken their faith. We should not forget that the greatest living scientist, Einstein, is today an exile from his home country. The path of a scientist in the modern world is not a smooth one. Thus the more progressive scientists are today allying themselves with those who actively strive to end injustice in Society.

In the International Youth Rally for Victory held in London early in October 1941 a stirring call was given to the scientific men of the

world to organize themselves for helping the victory of democracy. Concern, however, was expressed over the complaisant attitude of the older men of Science who monopolise, by virtue of no special qualification other than their experience, the responsible positions in all the major scientific institutions. *Nature* for November 23, 1941, commented upon the insular attitude of the older men in the following words:—

> Experience is of course of utmost importance provided that the person who had it has also the imagination and intelligence to profit by it. With long-drawn-out experience too often goes susceptibility to hide-bound tradition, loss of initiative and imagination, self-aggrandizement and antipathy to youth.

Prof. J. B. S. Haldane holds that most of the creative power of the rising youth is destroyed by the older men in office. Here in our country the profession is open only to very few and even they have to fight the mighty opposition and blind obstinacy of their superiors. Guidance of scientific development must be left in the hands of people gifted with more character, enthusiasm, initiative and vision. Hence it is clear that the task of shouldering the social responsibilities of scientists must devolve more upon the younger men of Science.

The social responsibilities of scientists briefly consist in their being with the more progressive side, in times of war to help the destruction of the forces of reaction, and in times of peace to strive actively for the removal of the causes of a recurrence of war, to expose and fight distortions of truth like the race theory which could be used as political weapons, to prevent the misuse of Science by interested persons and to perpetuate the conditions fertile for the growth of Science. The formation of an International Progressive Scientists' Association with the above objects and aims would be most welcome now. Journals like *Nature* or *Science* could act as the mouthpieces of such an organisation and see that Science fulfils its purpose. For scientists so to organize under the present urgency would be to democratize existing knowledge under responsible auspices. Then alone could a concerted endeavour be made to collate, interpret and apply the various discoveries of the various sciences for the benefit of man.

Along with this social and moral responsibility of science, we must realise that victory of arms alone will not remove the causes of War. These lie deeper—in the lack of ability, character and emotional development of man himself. If the forces he has let loose are to be readjusted and harnessed for human service, it is urgent to fit man for the task. To recognize this as a possibility and to endeavour to understand man more fully, *i. e.*, to create the Science of Man for which Dr. Alexis Carrel pleads in his *Man the Unknown*, would give rebirth to hope in the minds of those disillusioned and frustrated by our present failures.

C. R. K. MURTI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

EDUCATING THE NEW CITIZEN *

["I believe it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters": these suggestive words were uttered by Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) in the British House of Commons when the Reform Bill was passed in 1867. They naturally come to mind at present when a new world is arising which, if not properly educated almost immediately, will enhance the prevailing chaos and misery of large masses. Among the people to be so educated are not a few of the present-day leaders. The following reviews of five important publications contain healthy seed-ideas which can be made to germinate and yield a profitable harvest.—ED.]

I

Dr. C. K. Allen concludes his penetrating book with an assertion and a question. The assertion, which is surely well-founded, restores perspective and proportion to contemporary political thinking which, in the Anglo-Saxon countries anyhow, is at present curiously limited and parochial.

> The challenger which confronts democracy to-day is not a New Order: it is an old order coming back to earth. It is absolutism, which men accepted for so many centuries and which has suffered one comparatively short period of eclipse, remounting its throne.

And the question is:—

> In this present phase of history, may we not again see thesis and antithesis, and may we not hope for an ultimate synthesis ? The acknowledged weaknesses and failures of democracy, its frustration of many of the high hopes which were entertained for it, have produced, by way of reaction, a return to absolutism, though in a new form. Will it come to pass that the antithesis will prevail for a long and bloody chapter in the history of man, or will the synthesis emerge in a chastened and purified democracy ? On that issue hangs the fate of humanity, perhaps not only at this moment, but for ages to come.

There, it seems to me, the real issue (so far as it *can* be expressed in political terms) is squarely put. At present it is being largely evaded.

The evasion comes about in two ways. First, because far more ideological significance than really belongs to it is imported into the *de facto* alliance of the Western democracies with Russia, by the belief that Russia, Britain and the U.S.A. have a common ideological enemy: which is Fascism. In fact they have only a common actual enemy: which is Germany. Ever since Germany became a "great power," politically united and industrially developed, and threatened to become preponderant in Europe, Britain and France have sought the support of Russia against her. Under the present system of power-politics, the combination of the Western democracies with Russia against Germany has been the recurrent pattern of twentieth century politics. And always this power-pattern has been moralized by the pretence of ideological community.

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* *Democracy and the Individual.* By C. K. ALLEN (Oxford University Press, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Slaves Need No Leaders. By WALTER M. KOTSCHNIG. (Oxford University Press, London. $2.75)

In the war of 1914-1918 an effort was made to present Czarist Russia as the home of true Christian brotherhood. There was (as there always is) *some* substance in the claim. The peasant commune (the *mir*) was in *some* respects superior to the forms of social organization that have superseded it in the West; and the Orthodox Christianity of Russia was in *some* respects more spiritual than Roman Catholicism or Protestantism. Likewise, there is *some* substance in the claim that Soviet Russia is the champion and exemplar of a social advance beyond that achieved by her Western allies, though to call this an advance to "economic democracy" begs all the important questions. But, in the main, the wide-spread belief in ideological community between Russia and the Western democracies is moral camouflage for a temporary convergence of aims of power-policy.

The second means of evading the issue is clinging to a limited historical perspective. Particularly is this so in England. Because the political development of England has been uninterrupted by violent revolution since the Civil War, three hundred years ago, Englishmen fondly believe that England since that time has always been a "democracy" in the modern sense. In fact it has been a modern democracy only for about fifty years. What England got rid of in the Civil War was absolutism, which was replaced by aristocracy, which in turn was very gradually replaced by democracy. In France, absolutism lasted 150 years longer than in England, in Germany 250 years longer. In consequence, the Englishman has forgotten all about absolutism—at home anyhow; and does not realize how near in time, or how natural in habit, it still is. Neither does he realize how recent and how unproven is the experiment of full democracy, even in his own country.

Democracy, said Plato, leads to tyranny. That was the experience of France during the nineteenth century; it has been the experience of modern Germany. If England has avoided it, it is less because she has been a democracy than because of her traditional doctrine of the constitutional liberties of the individual citizen: freedom from arbitrary arrest and freedom of speech and association. In theory, these might be abolished tomorrow by an Act of Parliament; and they have been partially abrogated by Parliament during the present war. But it is probable that they will be restored. On the whole, the instinct of the average Englishman still warns him against tampering with these primary freedoms, though it is only reasonable to add that this instinct has lately showed signs of being corrupted by Russian example. It was ominous that the National Council for the Preservation of Civil Liberties (!) joined in the outcry against letting Sir Oswald Mosley out of prision, in which he had been kept for over three years without trial.

That was on the ground that Sir Oswald was a Fascist. He is to be deprived of his civil liberties as a British citizen because, if his party came to power, it would abolish civil liberties; or so it is said. But the British doctrine of civil liberties is precious precisely because it allows men to advocate what doctrines they please, provided they do not offend against the law of the land: in which

case they can and should be brought to open trial.

The uproar over Mosley's partial liberation is a recent and striking example of the moral confusion created by the moralization of a power-struggle against Germany into a crusade against Fascism. Fascism, runs the popular slogan, is the enemy. But Fascism is no more the ideological enemy of Democracy than Communism is. Fascism and Communism are both modern forms of absolutism. The basic fact is that Germany is the enemy, and Russia the ally, of Britain in a struggle for power. And this is falsely transposed into the self-contradictory doctrine that Fascism is the enemy and Communism the friend of Democracy (British pattern).

When so serious a confusion can become popular, it would be foolish to pretend that the Democracy which is based on civil liberties is not in danger. One may believe that the absurdities produced by the moralization of war are merely a temporary aberration, from which there will be a recovery when the war ends. But probably it is unrealistic to suppose that the war will be followed by a period of stable peace, in which war-time aberrations will be forgotten. And—anyhow—war-time aberrations can hardly fail to have a profound influence on the nature of the peace-settlement. In so far as a war can be moralized at all, it is moralized by the nature of the peace-settlement which follows it.

How can Britain and Russia agree—assuming that Germany will be defeated—on a policy towards Germany ? The only policy on which they can agree is one of destroying Germany. The moment positive policy comes into consideration—the decision upon what kind of political system shall be permitted or encouraged in Germany—agreement is impossible, because the fundamental ideas of Britain and America and Russia are in conflict.

Dr. Walter Kotschnig is an American educationist who bravely and conscientiously tries to grapple with the problem of re-educating Germany. He has sympathy and imagination.

> The re-education of the German people will demand of us a degree of comprehension, yes, and of compassion, for which there is no precedent in history. And yet it is the only alternative to the permanent enslavement of all mankind by war.

Yet, assuming the unprecedented comprehension and compassion—and it is a large draft on human optimism—the question remains : Into what political doctrine are the Germans to be re-educated ? Into that, we should say, of respect and reverence for the individual person, as practically embodied in the system of civil liberties. But precisely this system is repudiated by modern Russia, who will have as great a voice in the treatment of Germany as Britain or the U. S. A.

The cause of the profound dilemma is that there is no common, universally accepted religious and philosophical basis for the good society today. In the recent past, Europe has made do with the practical doctrine of non-interference, leaving every nation to decide its own principles and form of government. But this doctrine (it is felt) can no longer be applied to Germany : to the key-nation of Continental Europe. But, if any other doctrine is to be applied to Germany, it must be one which has universal validity. The only other "solution" is irresponsible, immoral and suicidal :

to treat Germany as a *corpus vile*, a subhuman subject for vivisection.

Where is the doctrine of universal validity to which Britons, Americans, Russians subscribe in practice, and to which, therefore, Germans can also be justly expected to subscribe? It does not exist. Dr. Allen has shown how precarious is our British doctrine of democracy plus civil liberty. His concluding words are:—

> What is certain, I repeat, is that this war will have been fought in vain unless a better democracy is born of it; and a better democracy will depend upon a better individual.

That is true. But why should we believe that a better democracy will be born of a war that is, fundamentally, a struggle of and for power? If it were not so, then the universally valid doctrine would not be far to seek. It would actually be shared by Britons, Americans and Russians. For it would be the possession of such a doctrine by the belligerents on one side that would lift the struggle above the level of an animal struggle for power. And only such a doctrine could so lift it.

I suppose I must not say, positively, that the doctrine does not exist. I will only say that it is not apparent to me, and that I gravely doubt whether such a doctrine could be maintained by the inhuman process of total war, or at any rate survive such methods of championship. I may be wrong. I hope I am. But I cannot help noticing that no such doctrine is now either claimed or proclaimed by the United Nations, and drawing my own conclusion.

It is: that this war—and the sheer all-embracing savagery of its nature—is itself the sign that Europe has exhausted its spiritual capital. It is a moral anarchy, now devoid of a spiritual principle on which to rebuild itself into order. No lasting reconstruction of a peaceful Europe is conceivable without the emergence of a spiritual principle to which all nations give real allegiance. Until that happens the anarchy will grow worse.

Common allegiance to a spiritual principle means—at the very least—that the nation-state will thereby be deposed from its evil position of being a law unto itself. The fallacy of looking to institutions alone to achieve the release from "sacred egotism" is now patent. The institutions do not work without a common morality to inspire them. The morality of mutual aid may be of slow growth and long in coming: but nothing can take its place. Dr. Allen's "better individual" is one who accepts it: Dr. Kotschnig's vision of the right treatment of Germany is based upon it.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

II *

Denmark's Folk High Schools were founded a century ago by Bishop Grundtvig. The basic purpose was education for citizenship, and in the early years of the movement the task was mainly that of awakening among its rural adult pupils, mainly people engaged in farming, political consciousness.

Compulsory education had been introduced in 1814, and it was followed, in 1849, by the franchise. These were big advances for a peasantry for long heavily burdened and soundly exploited

* *Education in Democracy*. By J. CHRISTIAN MOLLER and KATHERINE WATSON. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

by hard masters. But another factor was present, namely, the renaissance of Danish nationalism following the return of the Province of Schleswig.

The avowed objects of the first of these schools was to uphold Danish ways and the Danish language among the rural population of Schleswig, which had suffered a certain amount of Teutonization. But perhaps the easiest way to indicate the objectives of Grundtvig's experiment—for it was that and most novel at that period—is to quote from the prospectus of one of the earliest of the schools—Rodding, founded in 1844:—

> We have set out to found an institution where the peasant and the citizen can obtain knowledge and guidance for use and pleasure, not so much in regard to his livelihood, but in regard to his situation as a son of Denmark and a citizen of the State. We have given it the name Folk High School because members of every station of life are admitted, although it is most suited to peasants and it is from their ranks that we expect most pupils.

From that small beginning has grown the movement that today exerts its influence on the Danish national life through sixty High Schools, all, save four, situated in rural Denmark. Every year some seven thousand students take courses in these schools and the subjects range from gymnastics and the management of co-operative enterprises (in which Denmark leads agricultural Europe) to agricuture, economics and citizenship. The sessions are residential and the life lived by the students is simple and communal. Instruction is by lecture mainly, though some now are adopting the tutorial system.

As between themselves the High Schools differ in minor ways, but in the two essentials remain homogeneous, that is, all have a bias which approximates to the spiritual attitude towards life with veneration for the traditions of the national character. Yet, while it is plain that these schools preach nationalism, it is a nationalism shorn of all sinister implications, the term as used in this connexion meaning rather pride in the national genius and aspirations for progress other than mere material improvement. Here the influence of the founder, a Christian priest, remains dynamic and serves to unify the whole movement and provide it with stability.

During the past thirty years over a third of Denmark's agricultural youth attended the High Schools. After a period at the School—it terminates with no diploma or other academic label—the student returns to his village or town to all outward appearances unchanged. But if he or she has been receptive, then the inward change has been remarkable.

What, then, is it that these Schools do for their pupils? They do not make them into scholars overnight. They do not equip them for professions or for vocations. No. What they do is to awaken the social consciousness and to orient the mind of the student towards the Christian concept of life and its expression in the framework of a modern democracy. These young people (and too few are drawn from the cities) are awakened into awareness of their place in their society and of the place of their society in the world.

That these Folk High Schools have done much to consolidate Denmark and to make her strong in the hour of adversity is the just claim that may be made for them. They have made the Danish peasant one of the stur-

diest and most intelligent, as the best educated, in all Europe.

Thus, when the Nazis occupied Denmark, even though every soldier was instructed to treat the people well and to make himself liked, the peasantry presented a solid block to the blandishments of the intruder and the thief, and, as the years passed, it dawned upon the Germans that the velvet glove in Denmark had proved no more successful than the prison and the whip and the firing squad in Norway.

A century ago, the pioneers of these schools saw their problem as education for citizenship; for daily life—*living education.* "Now, a century later," say the authors, "we are facing something of far greater moment than the enfranchisement of sections of the community in a small country. This time, we must find means to educate 'the citizen of the world.'"

Set such an objective against the avowed objects of the Hitler Youth Movement—the most tragic crime against youth in all history—and you have, clearly differentiated, the two opposed youth movements in Europe today.

On the one side, you have the deliberate inculcation of what is base and false by systematic State policy; on the other, the doctrine that if the world is to progress each must serve all, and all must serve God. The one represents Youth turned towards death; the other Youth facing the light.

It is not possible, even though so eminent an authority as Sir Richard Livingstone has paid tribute to them, to measure what precise contribution to the Danish temper today has grown from seed sown in the Folk High Schools. But much of the unity, the steadfastness and the dignity of the Danish response to the grievous wrongs wrought upon its people by the German occupation, may well have roots in these Schools.

The two authors have provided the English-speaking reader with an eminently readable and clear account of the movement.

GEORGE GODWIN

III *

In his Rede Lecture, here published, the newly appointed Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, perhaps the foremost living Hellenist, performs a service not to be measured by the modest price of this little book nor by its modest thirty-six pages. For what Sir Richard Livingstone does is to remind us, as he himself might put it, in language intended neither for the savant nor the illiterate, but for the mass of mankind which stands somewhere between those two cultural levels, of first things.

And this he does at a moment when the modern world, so much richer in knowledge and technical mastery over the phenomenal world than the world of Plato's day, appears to be directing its intellectual apparatus and specialized knowledge and ingenuity to the end of self-destruction.

As have all wise men before him, including his master, Plato, Sir Richard goes back (in common with the modern psychologist, too, let us remember) to the early years and to the first steps in life. And he reminds us that it is not

* *Plato and Modern Education.* By SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. (Cambridge University Press. 1s.)

"book learning" that matters much, not the acquisition of vast funds of technical data, nor the accumulation of many facts to be spilled out over examination papers, but a proper approach to life and the perpetual preoccupation with *values*, that constitutes proper education. And that, as he sees it, is the one path whereby the world may escape from the present chaos, material and spiritual, into which it has allowed itself to drift.

We are, he teaches us, in effect, not to consider so much knowledge as the use to which knowledge should be put.

> The perfectly educated man would have a standard, a perception of values, in every province—physical, æsthetic, intellectual, moral; in his profession or occupation; in personal, national and international life. He would know the first-rate in all of them and run no risk of being deceived by the inferior.

It is probably true to say that the mass of mankind has done a good deal of hard thinking since 1939; that many for whom the world then was a stable organization with an indefinite lease, if not a freehold, now see that a masked but deep-seated disease has declared itself.

Something, one tells oneself, must be wrong somewhere, when, having mastered such vast means of production as to make us masters of this planet, with want but a memory of the past, we can do no other than turn and rend our own kind, despoil each other in epidemic wars, and deface the years between with the perfection of a shallow vulgarity.

This wise counsellor puts forward three suggestions as a preliminary to progress. First, to get right what constitutes a good human being. And this, he suggests, involves recognition of the duality, physical and spiritual, of human nature. (Aristotle: "Education exists for the sake of a good life, and not only for the sake of life.")

Secondly, that without philosophy and religion we cannot hope to arrive at a sound view.

> Otherwise some products of our education may be like persons, who only use a set of muscles in their work, and in consequence are powerfully developed in one direction but deformed in others.

Thirdly, that

> in all teaching we should pay as much attention to values as to facts. It is not enough to get people into a lecture-room and point to a dead figure labelled religion, philosophy, history, or whatever it may be. They need not to see a corpse, however well-dissected, but a living thing.

Who can deny the wisdom of these three suggestions? Today, the chemist does not need wider chemical knowledge, but an ethic in line with that which produced the Hippocratic Oath. He has to learn that his, too, is a priesthood and that by bending his energies to the powers of death and evil he plays the Judas rôle. And so with all other sciences now turned to the service of evil.

We have too much science. We need more wisdom now.

The Russian physiologist Mecknikoff suggested that man develops without harmony between his parts so that at any given moment in biological time he presents structural and functional anomalies. It may be like that, too, with the growth of the human soul and the growth of the human intellect. No stranger from a distant stellar body would deny to man his ingenuity, his resourcefulness, his amazing power of synthesis. But what would be said of his wisdom, of his VALUES?

Not very much, surely. Yet, unless we make good this spiritual lag,

invoking the spiritual as a constable to keep the mischievous intellect to the straight and narrow path, then we are doomed.

I do not know how many people pass through the doors of our cinemas in a year. But I wish I could believe that one in ten thousand would do as this reviewer has done: read this small, but very important book carefully three times—and do that, preferably, in some quiet garden where thought can flow in peace and the mind prepare itself for much needed instruction.

GEORGE GODWIN

IV *

This new P. E. N. volume is of course short. It is not intended to look at history in more than one particular—namely, in reference to war. Why don't we learn to avoid war? is really the query. It is academic to ask or answer such a question unless WE is defined. If the General Public is meant then the question is unimportant. Very few members of the general public will ever study history closely enough to learn from it. And if here and there a man does study and learn from history, he will not have any influence upon the politicians in power. Speaking in ultimate terms of causation and regarding the matter from the moon, as it were, we may say that nations fight because man still likes fighting; but Major Liddell Hart is rightly concerned with the subject on the more immediate and realistic plane—the plane of treaties, cabinets, diplomatists. It doesn't matter whether the people learn from history—and they won't anyway—but it does matter that the rulers of nations should do so. Listen to the uncomfortable words quoted by the author from General Hoffman:—

> When one gets a close view of influential people—their bad relations with each other, their conflicting ambitions, all the slander and the hatred—one must always bear in mind that it is certainly much worse on the other side, among the French, English, and Russians, or one might well be nervous....The race for power and personal position seems to destroy all men's characters. I believe that the only creature who can keep his honour is a man living on his own estate; he has no need to intrigue and struggle—for it is no good intriguing for fine weather.

Major Liddell Hart gives some gruesome examples by way of corroboration. When considering these matters it does not do to forget that all men are ruffians. If your profession is a private one, say a grocer's, you will have to watch your step pretty carefully; if, while serving yourself, you fail to serve others up to a certain point, you may be ruined or thrown into prison. The reason why we hate politicians so much is that, though we ourselves are not any better, not a decimal point better, they seem worse, because their job is for our good—and they do not think of our good. A private individual who is hungry for lunch won't do anyone much harm. But hosts of armed men and thousands of innocent people are frequently put to death simply because a Cabinet of rulers are hungry for lunch and hurry through a vital decision. The fact that we don't get quiet, sincere, honest, unintriguing, simple and straightforward behaviour amongst the people at the top is the main reason

* *Why Don't We Learn from History?* By B. H. LIDDELL HART. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

why the fighting instincts of the nations are still given release. So I suggest that it is futile to mean by WE anything but THEY at the top of the political racket. What the general public could and should do is to insist that all elected persons should be ruthlessly examined in history, made to repeat over and over again its lessons, and the pitfalls that result from their own personal ruffianism. Let them continually swear that they have learnt certain things from history and continually proclaim that they will *not* do likewise. It might have some effect on those who are not completely devoid of a sense of shame.

I hope there is room to quote two excellent remarks made by the author *en passant*. First that, considering the English failure to be whole-heartedly Machiavellian, owing to our moral scruples, "*Britain might find it better to be more consistently moral.*" There is food for thought there. And second:—

> Civilisation is built on the practice of keeping promises. It may not sound a high attainment, but if trust in its observance be shaken the whole structure cracks and sinks. Any constructive effort and all human relations, personal, political and commercial, depend upon being able to depend on promises.

Hence the popularity of the Teheran Conference. I was struck at the time by the delight it occasioned. Promises, we have been taught over and over again, are made only to be broken. Yet we make them, and having made them, applaud and give thanks. It is extraordinary and pathetic. We know that in twenty years the important men who signed the promises at that conference will be dead and their successors will be in quite a different state of mind. But we love a promise; we adore the majesty of truth; we seek heaven always—no matter how often we are traitors and liars and makers of hell. It is encouraging.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

The Edge of the Abyss. By ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E., LL.D. (John Murray, London. 5*s*.)

Mr. Alfred Noyes has written a general denunciation of the trend of Western civilization between the great wars, with a warning of the imminent peril of cultural disintegration, and his book is mainly concerned with the sphere of culture in which his own life has been passed—that of literature. The monstrous evil which he attacks, is, briefly, the lowering of standards in contemporary letters, since the output of printed matter, swollen to a flood by the ever-growing capacity of power-driven printing-presses, has turned everyone into a reader and nearly everyone into a writer. Curiously enough, Mr. Noyes makes no social reflections whatever upon this cause of the phenomenon: he seems not to have noticed that it is the result of, among other things, the universal extension of elementary education. In consequence he shows no sympathy with the ambitions of the half-educated, which have so often led them to adventure into literature as a profession without any adequate reading of the literature of the past or any intimate relation with good men of the present who might have led them by example. He does not realise that, in an age when machinery has deprived people of the means to be craftsmen—artists with their hands—but has provided all with a free field in letters, an excessive number

would try to be literary artists—and would be sure to succeed in their way, though it might not be a good way from the stand-point of culture. It is a pity Mr. Noyes has himself no reading in Indian literature, or he would have seen the inevitability of disaster in a culture which denies any craftsmanship to the *sudra*, but offers him the means of expression of a *brahmin*.

He attacks the problem simply as a moralist, exhorting us to rouse ourselves, to denounce evils, to exercise self-control, to insist that literature should serve some moral ideals. There is a need for sound and well-disciplined moral indignation, and Mr. Noyes' book provides some wholesome as well as eloquent protest: though it is a pity that he relies so much on the example of Kipling as an ideal of what a modern man of letters ought to be. Kipling was a very great literary figure; but as a moralist he was much more vigorous than either exalted or profound. Of course Mr. Noyes is on impregnable ground when he recalls us to the traditions of the great Christian literature as still the indispensable and central source of Western culture, but this does not much help him to understand the predicament of letters in our time, or to see how to cope with it.

For on the æsthetic side Mr. Noyes' own standards are somewhat commonplace and conventional. It would surprise him to know that there is anything at all in the work of James Joyce, which he seeks to bury under abuse. He has no idea that in a page of Joyce there is evidence of more delight in the material of language, more skill and understanding of what can be done with it, and also more insight into the minds of typical living human beings, than he has ever imagined, still less has been able to express. The present reviewer does not like Joyce: but he can at least see why that writer has had, and still has, so much more influence over the minds of young writers than, for example, Mr. Noyes himself. This does not matter at all in itself, but it is a grave limitation for the task Mr. Noyes has set himself, for to deal with the "decadence" of a literary movement you have first to know what it is, and not simply to denounce it as "chaos."

When the artistic impulse is too much confined to the art of words, it is a chaotic civilization, and the artists will reflect chaos—among other things. The problem cannot be isolated; but in so far as it calls for separate attention, the remedy must be sought in the cultivation of an effective faculty and tradition in criticism. On this point we get little guidance from Mr. Noyes; but his brochure should do good by its vigorous exposure of what is indeed one of the main sources of corruption in this phase of Western culture, and is far too little realised.

PHILIP MAIRET

Saubhadra (English Translation of Kirloskar's Marathi Play *Sangit Saubhadra*. By S. B. TALEKAR. (Godbole and Godbole, 621 Budhwar Peth, Poona 2. Rs. 5/- or 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Written threescore and odd years ago by "Anna" Kirloskar, *Saubhadra* is one of the most popular of Marathi plays and it is now appearing in English translation, thanks to Mr. Talekar.

The love story of Arjuna and Subhadra forms the theme. When both

were deeply in love, Balarama, elder brother of Subhadra, decided to give her in marriage, against her wish, to Duryodhana, the rival of Arjuna. Through sheer disappointment Arjuna chose to become an ascetic and Krishna, younger brother of Balarama, in secret sympathy with the lovers, manœuvred to take advantage of the situation. Curiously enough, Balarama took a fancy to the ascetic Arjuna and, not knowing who he really was, invited him to stay with the family. The lovers thus got an opportunity to plan an elopement which was ultimately blessed by everyone, including Balarama. The tender and affectionate relations between Subhadra and Satyabhama, wife of Krishna, are depicted by Kirloskar with a delicate hand.

In the original, *Saubhadra* is therefore a masterpiece of art by that master-hand of Kirloskar. Its popularity is maintained because of its universal appeal. The language used by Kirloskar is homely and chaste, helping the dialogue to run smoothly. No wonder then that, though produced in the '80's, its grip on Marathi audiences, in spite of the modernity of the stage, is as firm as ever.

Talekar was rightly tempted to secure for such a play a wider audience through the medium of English. There is no doubt that he has taken great pains in his attempt. But obviously, he works under serious limitations. He is not able to dive deep to appreciate the finer sentiments of the original. Much less can he render into English the sense and the spirit of Kirloskar. Contrasted with the polished Marathi, Talekar's English sounds jarring and reads like a hotchpotch. It fails miserably to paint the characters as originally intended. Worse still, in places, the language borders on slang and abuse, which Kirloskar never used. All this seems to be mainly due to one great defect: Talekar is not well versed in the use of English. The work was too great for him. His self-imposition, to render the Marathi idiom by literal English translation, far from making any sense, confuses the reader. In supplying detailed notes at the end of his translation, Talekar does not show a sense of proportion; the notes, but for this defect, would have been more helpful.

S. R. TIKEKAR

Essays and Recollections. By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. (The Talbot Press, Dublin. 5*s*.)

These essays by the poet and Editor of the *Dublin Magazine* fall into two groups, those of literary and of personal reminiscence. Mr. O'Sullivan is a bibliophile and in his browsing along the less frequented paths of literature rediscovers some of the lesser figures who graced it or adds some details to knowledge of the greater. Among the former are two minor poets of the eighteenth century, John Winstanley and Catherine Jemmat, both of Dublin; Fanny Maccartney, who is thought to have contributed largely to Fulke Greville's *Maxims, Characters and Reflections*, and incidentally forestalled by more than a centuary Meredith's description in *The Egoist* of Willoughby's leg; and Henry Francis Lyte, the author of *Abide With Me*. But perhaps the most substantial of this group of essays is that on Cowper and the Rev. John Newton, in which the new identification of one of Newton's letters as having been addressed to Cowper leads on to a consideration of the disastrous influence the Calvinism of that evangelical zealot had upon the delicate nerves of the poet. The "Recollections" are of more particular interest to Irish people, but the papers on George Moore and Arthur Griffith have a somewhat wider appeal. There are, too, some attractive memories of childhood and a captivating sketch of an imaginary character, "Miss Rendall," whose devout soul was enchanted by the *Sidhe*. Whatever his subject, he writes with personal charm.

H. I'A. FAUSSET

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Communalism in India was well described by Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha on 2nd November in the First Convocation Address of the Utkal University at Cuttack. He called it a poison that had been corroding our national life for nearly forty years. While Indians were not free from blame for the growth of communal movements and tendencies, he laid the responsibility primarily upon the official recognition of the communal principle, even in civil and military appointments.

> The principal Indian communities, owing to the introduction of communal arrangements, are no longer induced to secure the good-will of one another; on the contrary, almost all sections are led to think that their salvation lies in their living for themselves, in water-tight compartments.

The Government of India Act of 1935 perpetuates the evil. Dr. Sinha quoted, omitting comment as supererogatory, from Lord Durham's Despatch of a century and more ago on the proposed Constitution of Canada. Lord Durham had written :—

> It seems to have been the considered policy of the British Government to govern its colonies by means of division, and to break them down as much as possible into petty isolated communities, incapable of combination, and possessing no sufficient strength for individual resistance to the Empire.

The need for Philosophy in a world increasingly "addicted to Science" was stressed by Sir S. Radhakrishnan in inaugurating the Madras Philosophical Association on October 17th. He challenged the adequacy of biology, economics and politics to interpret man. Man was a being with far horizons. No changes, however fundamental, in the social order, no mere accumulation of external satisfactions could satisfy the hunger of man's spirit. Science is concerned primarily with what and how and where and when, philosophy primarily with why and who. Their fields are complementary. The pattern for man's progress from "a broken disrupted split-personality to an integrated unified divine-centred personality" which philosophy provides is practical. And it is even more important than discoveries about the nature and behaviour of matter—discoveries which are so often harnessed to destructive ends.

Science shows the vast variety not only in Nature but also in human beings. Philosophy teaches unity in diversity, resting on the spark of the Divine which is in all. Varied manifestations are significant, as Sir Sarvepalli brought out, but "variety should not be confused with inequality or any man denied the right to the development of his wisdom and virtue. Philosophy teaches unity in diversity, a spark of the Divine being in all." If that were recognised caste pride and racial arrogance would go.

Science and Culture in its October editorial pleads the "Need for a Central Bureau of Standards," a plea which we wholeheartedly endorse. India has long suffered from lack of uniformity in the grading and packing of agricultural produce, though a beginning, it is reported, has been made by the Marketing Boards of the Agriculture Department with their "Agmark" stamp on standardised products. There is great need for further developments in this direction and the conflicting standards in industrial and commercial practice urgently call for reconciliation.

In any fair transaction the terms involved must mean the same thing to both parties. The potentialities of confusion and mutual suspicion of bad faith which lurk in variations in weights and measures, for example, must be obvious to all. And nowhere declares *Science and Culture*, is there so much confusion in weights and measures as in India. Only less pregnant with misunderstandings and bad feeling is the absence of uniformity in specifications for industrial products. The implications of this lack for India's good name in international trade are grave. Almost all the leading industrial countries have provisions for bureaus or departments of standards. We do not share the frequently expressed enthusiasm for India's industrialisation. But if industrialisation is to come, it must be on right lines and on the solid basis of scientifically worked out specifications and standards rigorously maintained.

Nowhere does the danger of attempting the duty of another come out more plainly than in colonial administration. If conditions in a free country are not what they should be, it is regrettable, but the responsibility rests squarely on the citizenry. The case is different when an outside power upon whatever pretext has assumed control. Responsibility goes with power. If things go wrong—and in what colony do they not?—the blame is the Imperial Power's.

Shortcomings in colonial administration are not confined to the notoriously bad colonisers. Dr. Laura Thompson's objective study of the U. S. Navy Department's administration of Guam in the *Far Eastern Survey* of 9th August deserves a place on the Imperialist's book-shelf. The better record of the U. S. A. in the Philippines does not offset the treatment of the inhabitants of this stratagic island in the Marianas group. No ruthless cruelty is charged; sanitation has been admittedly improved; but the political and cultural domineering over the Chamorros has been anything but democratic.

The deplorable conditions in the larger and more populous Puerto Rico after forty-odd years of American rule were described by Oswald Garrison Villard in *The New Leader* a few months ago. In Puerto Rico, he wrote, three-fourths of the people "do not have enough to eat, enough to wear, or a decent place to live," and "almost a third of the people can neither read nor write." And in India...?

The question of freedom for Puerto Rico is complicated by the dependence of sugar, the island's chief product, on the American market, from which a free Puerto Rico would be tariff-barred. Mr. Garrison advocates freedom for Puerto Rico, with tariff exemption, "divorce with alimony." But there are subject countries that would gladly

waive the alimony if they could but be free!

Co-operation, which, by definition of the late Sir Horace Plunkett, is "self-help made effective by organisation" has been officially encouraged in India for forty years without becoming either "self-help" or effective in the measure hoped for. Over-specialisation in credit long prevented the correct visualisation of the problem as a whole. It is a hopeful sign that attention is being paid increasingly to other avenues of co-operative effort. The formation in recent years of Provincial Co-operative Marketing Societies in Madras and Bombay is a step in the right direction. The latter body held its first Conference in Bombay on the 24th and 25th of October. Several resolutions were passed looking to the strengthening of the links between credit and sales societies to their mutual advantage and to the consolidation of the effort in various directions, with Government help implied at every turn.

It is natural that the resolutions passed by a marketing conference should be preoccupied with ways and means but both Sir Henry Knight, who inaugurated the session and Dewan Bahadur H. L. Kaji, President of the Society and of the Conference, in their addresses looked beyond immediate means to ultimate great benefits for rural India. A Co-operative Conference affords an admirable opportunity for reaffirming the ideals on which co-operation rests. Co-operative effort recognises man as essentially a social being. It substitutes for self-seeking, the good of the group as a whole and such are its elasticity and capacity for expansion that ideally all may ultimately share its benefits.

The Centennial Co-operative Conference held in mid-October at Chicago took a step towards international co-operation when it voted the incorporation of two organisations to further world co-operative trade. These are an International Co-operative Business Association and an International Co-operative Credit Institution. Much needs to be done in this country in the building up of co-operative purchases as well as sale before India will be able to share effectively in the responsibilities and benefits of these bodies but her ultimate entry into co-operative international trade is something to work toward. Not the least of the needs of the Indian movement is to develop the independence and resourcefulness which will allow it to dispense with the official patronage which, however helpful in many ways, has kept it for so long in tutelage.

Thomas Jefferson's comfortable assurance that "when the press is free, and every man able to read, all is safe" has yet to prove itself. In India, where neither condition is met, its dubiety may be less apparent. But in countries which have come within measurable distance of both premises doubt has arisen as to their sufficiency as bulwarks of defence of democratic values. Democracy depends in part for its smooth functioning on accurately informed public opinion, which the dressing up of facts precludes.

We hear much of the need of free access to news after the war and equal rights to communication facilities. Both are desirable but there is more to the problem of making the actual, un-

coloured facts available to the public. The press in a democracy must be meticulously honest as well as free. The press has the responsibility of keeping the news channels clear of prejudice and preconception. To the extent that it falls short of this it ranges itself covertly with the advertising profession whose frank concern is with moulding public reactions for private benefit.

Complete objectivity is difficult of achievement but its desirability in reporting news is obvious: "Editorializing the news" is attacked by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot in his article "In Defense of the Press" in the August *Atlantic Monthly*. Editorial comment is not only permissible but very much in order; but it should be confined to editorial opinion columns and kept out of the news. The whole colouring of an incident may be changed for the reader by the slant the headline gives.

A free press obviously cannot, as Mr. Tourtellot brings out, be legislated into publishing unslanted stories. He favours a voluntary compact among newspapers "to print all controversial news without doctoring it by omission or by emphasis." We commend the proposal to the consideration of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference.

Prejudice is prejudice, whether on lines of race or of social groups. Indians cannot without hypocrisy condone segregation of Untouchables and condemn segregation of Negroes in the U. S. A. And a victory against segregation anywhere is a victory for human solidarity everywhere. Special interest attaches, therefore, to the demonstration that it is possible for members of such custom-segregated groups as Negroes and whites in the U. S. A. to dwell in peace as neighbours.

The summer issue of *Common Ground* reports the experience in Marin City, a public war-housing project near San Francisco, where racial discrimination is not allowed. There is some chafing at first on the part of Southern whites at having to live next door to Negroes, but no other quarters are available and prejudice accepts the inevitable. Not only that, but Negroes are on the Community Council. Negroes and whites attend the same churches and the same dances in perfect harmony, though they follow racial lines in choice of partners, not by compulsion but by preference. There has been no trouble, though there have been race riots in segregated housing projects. The writer of the article, Milla Z. Logan, pleads for the copying of the Marin City pattern in the post-war, large-scale, slum-clearance projects planned.

The August *Magazine Digest* condensed from *Common Sense* a report of a successful residential community, Parkway Gardens near New York City, where self-respecting middle-class Negro and white citizens live at peace, though the infiltration of Negroes was at first resisted, without violence. All the houses and gardens are well-kept; seeds, tools and ladders are exchanged and "lifts" to stores or station freely offered and accepted.

These two examples prove that close contacts may as well lead to mutual understanding as to friction.

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